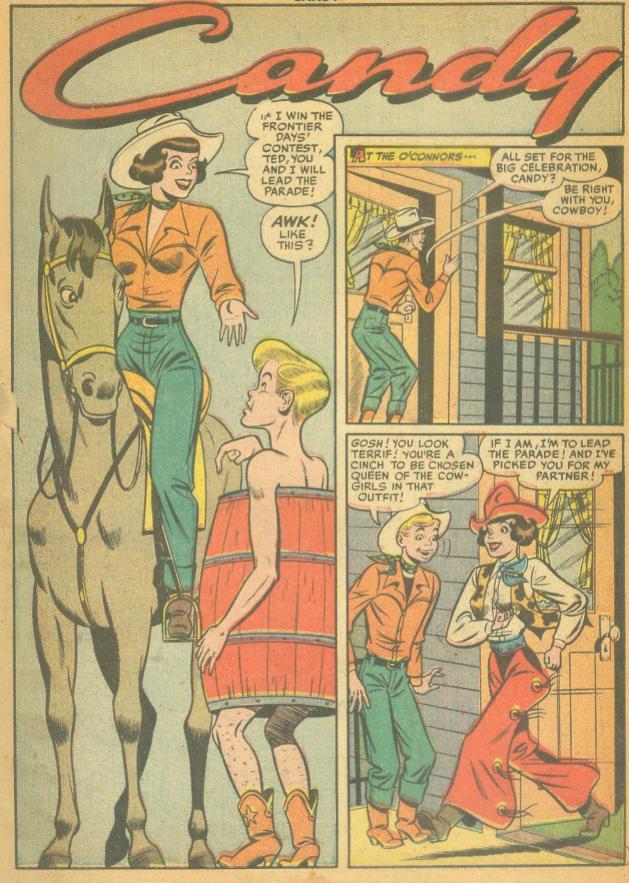






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AND WE'RE TO REPORT IN
TEN MINUTES! LOOKS AS
IF I'LL BE QUEEN OF THE
COWGIRLS AND LEAD THE
PARADE!
YOU PID ALL THAT
ON PURPOSE!





































































































































BACK AT THE BOARDING HOUSE ...

















NOW YOU'RE
CLICKING! FIND
SOMEPLACE
WHERE YOU CAN
HIDE THE TV
CAMERAS AND
PHOTOGRAPH
REAL PEOPLE
TURN THE CAMERA
LOOSE IN THERE!























































TELEVISION OH, SURE,
CORNELIA!
WHAT DIFFERENCE
HOUSE DOES IT MAKE?
THURSDAY
NIGHT!

THAT WAS EASIER
THAN I THOUGHT...BUT
I WONDER WHAT
HAPPENED TO HIM?
OH, WELL! THE IMPORTANT THING IS THAT HE'S
GOING TO SEE CANDY
IN THE
ARMS OF
ANOTHER
MAN!











WHY SHOULD





WHY DOESN'T

GREAT CRYING CROCODILES!
THE THING ENDED WITH HER
JUST SITTING THERE WITH
THAT DRIP'S ARMS
AROUND HER! YOU JUST

YOURSELF WHAT KIND OF A PERSON CANDY O'CONNOR REALLY IS! NOW, I WOULD NEVER TWO-TIME A FELLOW













OH, THAT? REMEMBER
HOW I SUSPECTED
THAT CORNY WAS UP
TO NO GOOD? WELL,
HERBY SAW THE WHOLE
THING! HE SAW THEM
HIDE THE CAMERA
UNDER THAT TABLE
AND CORNELIA WAS
TALKING TO THE
CAMERA MAN BEFORE
WE GOT HERE!



KEN CARTER SO THAT HE
HAD TO FALL PRACTICALLY
INTO YOUR LAP,
CANDY! GOLLY,
HERE COMES,
TED! I'M JUST
TOO UTTERLY
EMBARRASSED TO
FACE HIM! I'VE GOT
TO MAKE A PHONE
CALL JUST TO GET
OUT OF HERE!

AND I SAW CORNY TRIP





















NOT EXACTLY! BUT
I'M BURNING UP WITH
ANTICIPATION! IF
ONLY WE COULD
GET INSIDE!

PAWSON TO THE RESCUE! MY FOOTBALL PRACTICE WILL DO THE TRICK, SWOON GIRL! JUST FOLLOW ME!











OH, HE'S JUST TOO DREAMY FOR WORDS! BUT I'LL NEVER GET A CHANCE TO KNOW HIM BETTER WITH ALL THESE PEOPLE MILLING AROUND!















OH, GOLLY! NOW HE'S ANGRY! BUT HE'S SO UTTERLY AND ABSO-LUTELY FASCINATING! I CAN'T LET HIM JUST WALK OUT OF MY



WELL, IF YOU'RE NO, DON'T
JUST GOING GO! WAIT!
TO STAND THERE YOU SEE
STARING AT
ME, I MIGHT
AS WELL
GET BACK
TO WORK!
ASK YOU...

































WELL,I USED TO
BE A TEEN-AGER! BUT
NOW, OF COURSE,I'M
SO MUCH MORE
MATURE! I'M READY
TO DISCOVER LOVE
AS SUSAN DID IN
YOUR WONDERFUL
NOVEL!
WANT TO READ
IT MORE
THOROUGHLY!















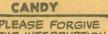


































OH, GOSH! AND I WAS COME TO THE SQUARE DANCE WITH ME ON SATURDAY NIGHT!

I'D LOVE TO GO, TED! GOLLY, IT'S GOING TO BE FUN BEING MY OWN AGE AGAIN!



















CANDY











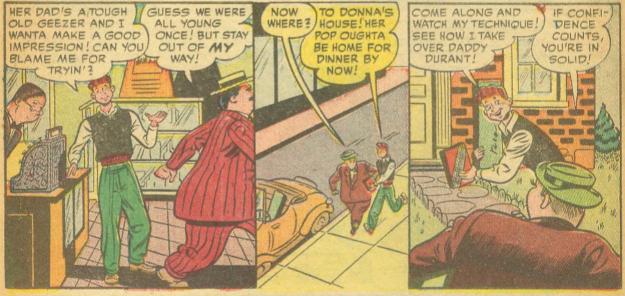




CANDY





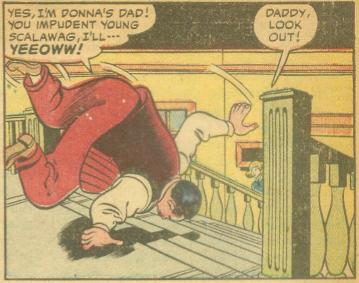








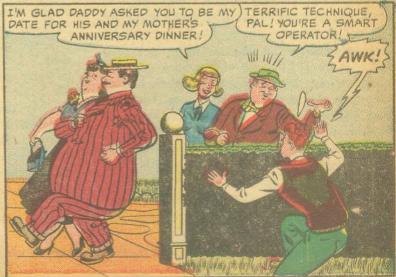












Candy

FOR the life of her, Candy couldn't figure out what in the world was going on. It seemed as if her very best friends didn't want to have a thing to do with her anymore. It was just awful and Candy didn't know what to do about it.

Candy first became aware of all this one afternoon after school. It was in the Sweet Shoppe where the gang had congregated for sodas, cokes and small-talk. That afternoon everyone was there: Tina, Trish, Ted Dawson, Herby and all the kids that Candy always thought of as her very best friends. As Candy entered the Sweet Shoppe, she could see them all with their heads together as though they were having an important conference.

Smiling at them and particularly at Ted Dawson, Candy walked over to the table where they all sat.

"Hi, gang," said Candy as she seated herself in the empty chair beside Ted Dawson.

The others seemed to smile stiffly at Candy and answered her with a few mumbled hellos. And all the talking just stopped at once. Candy couldn't understand why. They'd all been such good friends and now although the gang was polite enough, they seemed very uncomfortable with her.

Candy hadn't been there but a few minutes when Tina stood up abruptly. As she left the table she said to the others, "I'm sorry to leave you all but I've got some pretty important business to attend to.'

Gradually one by one the others took their leave. It seemed that all of a sudden everyone of them had some business that they had to take care of immediately. In a short while all had left except Ted Dawson. But even he was getting ready to leave.

Candy touched his arm. "Wait a minute, Ted. I want to talk to you. I want to find out what all this is about.'

"I don't know what you mean, Sugar Plum," answered Ted as he impatiently fidgeted with the silverware on the table.

"Do I have the Bubonic Plague or some-

thing?" Candy asked, trying to keep back the tears of disappointment.

"Now look, honey, you're making something out of nothing. Just because all the kids had to go somewhere doesn't mean that you drove them away."

Obviously Ted was trying to be consoling. But Candy was certain he knew what was going on. Why wouldn't he tell her? She had always shared in all the activities of the gang before. Why was she being ostracized now? These and other similar questions flitted through Candy's mind. But she had no opportunity to ask them because Ted was already gone.

Candy now sat alone at the table in the Sweet Shoppe. She was so absorbed in her dismal thoughts that she didn't notice the approach of Cornelia Clyde.

"Helle, Candy," said Cornelia with false sweetness. "You look like the girl who's been

voted likely to be most unpopular."

Candy had never liked Cornelia who was spiteful and malicious but now she thoroughly detested her. Apparently Cornelia had seen all the others leave and here she was gloating about it.

"For your information, Cornelia," said Candy as she tried to speak noncholantly, "the gang had some business to attend to and that's all there is to it."

Candy knew she had to get out of there. If she continued talking to Cornelia, she'd probably break into tears.

"And now you'll have to excuse me, Cornelia," Candy said as she rose to go. "I have to hurry along. I'm meeting the gang later at my house."

"My dear girl, you're just rushing off to save face and you're not fooling a soul," jeered Cornelia. And as Candy hurried out the door of the Sweet Shoppe, she could still hear Cor-

nelia's high-pitched laughter.

When Candy reached her house, she went directly upstairs to her room and locked the door. Throwing herself upon her bed, she began to sob. She cried for a long time as if her heart would break.

Candy's mother, hearing her, knocked on the door. "Is anything wrong, dear? Is there anything I can do?" she asked. But Candy tearfully told her that she just wanted to be left alone. Finally she heard her mother's footsteps receding down the stairs.

At supper that evening, Candy appeared at the table with red-rimmed eyes. Mrs. O'Connor looked at her with great concern but said nothing. Mr. O'Connor, who had been coached previously by his wife not to ask any questions, also sat quietly at the table. The meal progressed in silence and Candy felt even more miserable than before.

Although Candy tried to avoid the gang at school the next day, it seemed that she kept bumping into them. First she saw Trish who looked very pre-occupied and almost didn't notice her. When Trish did see her, she stopped very briefly for a few words with Candy.

"Oh, hi, Candy. I wish I could stop and chat with you but I've got so much to do that

I must really dash."

"I'm pretty busy myself," said Candy but Trish was already down at the other end of the school corridor.

And it was much the same with the others. None of them had a minute for Candy. Whatever they were up to was taking all their time and energy. Candy would have willingly helped them with whatever it was. But not one of them would confide in her and not one of them

asked for her help.

And thus three days passed. Candy wondered each morning how she could get through another day. And yet somehow she did. But it was becoming more and more difficult. Then suddenly the picture seemed to change. It began when Ted Dawson phoned Candy one evening. He was asking Candy for a date. Candy was pleased and angry at the same time. Here was Ted calling her up as he always did and pretending that nothing was wrong.

"I hope you can come to the show with me tomorrow night," he was saying. "There's a

super double bill at the Bijou.'

Candy hoped she didn't sound too eager as she agreed to go with Ted. But she'd been so lonely. And maybe Ted would at last tell her what the big secret was. Maybe he could help her straighten things out so that she and the gang could get together again.

When Ted called the following evening, Candy was wearing her prettiest dress. Ted was looking quite dressed up himself. He wore a carnation in his button hole and he carried a corsage of two gardenias for Candy.

"My, my," said Candy. "This must be a very special occasion."

"Any date with you, Dream Queen, is a special occasion," Ted replied, smiling as he held the front door open for her.

Candy noticed that Ted's jalopy wasn't headed for the movie theatre at all but was moving in the opposite direction. She started to ask him about it when Ted himself spoke.

"I've got to make a quick stop at this end of town. Trish asked me to deliver something at her house."

Candy looked around her in the jalopy but there was nothing in it that Ted Dawson could possibly deliver. Soon they reached Trish's house. Ted asked Candy to walk to the door with him. It seemed like a peculiar request, but Candy was curious about the whole affair and so she agreed. As they walked up the front path, Candy turned to Ted.

"What did Trish ask you to deliver?"

"You, honeybun, you," replied Ted, grinning.

Before Candy could speak, the door was thrown open. Inside Candy could see that the gang was having a party. When Tina and Herby and Trish spotted Candy, they began to sing: "Happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you, happy birthday, dear Candy. Happy birthday to you."

Candy was speechless. She had spent so much time wondering what the gang was up to that she had completely forgotten her own birthday.

"Surprise, Candy. Surprise," shouted Tina as she hugged Candy affectionately. Candy was breathless with all this sudden attention. And she was a little ashamed of herself too. She doubted the friendship of the gang when all the time they were planning a surprise party for her.

Later when they were dancing a slow, dreamy foxtrot, Ted asked, "Are you happy, Candy?"

"I'm happy and delirious and I've had a real surprise," said Candy as she smiled warmly at Ted.

























































WELL, HERE GOES THIS IS WHERE I REALLY TROT OUT MY STUFF!



HELLO, CANDACE! I COLD 2 HOPE YOU'RE FEEL-BUTI AM SICK ING BETTER TODAY! I BROUGHT YOU UNTO THESE ORANGES! DEATH! THEY ARE THE BEST THING TO EAT WHEN YOU HAVE A COLD!





































--- AND SO I MUST ADMIT YOU SEE, MISS YOU HAD ME CARTER, I NEVER HAD FOOLED, CANDACE! A CHANCE TO CORNELIA WON'T EXPLAIN THAT BE ABLE TO ATTEND I WAS ONLY REHEARSALS, THE ACTING WHEN I PART IS . PRETENDED TO YOURS! BE SO SICK!

OH, THANK YOU MISS CARTER! YOU WON'T BE SORRY! I'LL DO A GOOD JOB! I PROMISE! BUT NOW I'VE GOT TO TELL TED THE GOOD NEWS!

















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